Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

Miſ. Page. By your leaue ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, hee hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twenty mile as eaſie, as a Canon will ſhoot point-blanke twelue ſcore: hee peeces out his wiues inclination, hee giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this ſhowre ſing in the winde; and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſtie from the ſo ſeeming Miſtris *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbors ſhall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall finde *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſ'd for this, then mock'd, for it is as poſſitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Maſter *Ford*.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Maſter *Ford*.

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Page. You haue Maſter *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you, But my wife (Maſter Doctor) is for you altogether.

Caius. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a me: my nurſh-a Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Maſter *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verſes, he ſpeakes holliday,

holliday, he ſmels Aprill and May, he will carry't, h
carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you. The Gen
is of no hauing, he kept companie with the wilde Pri
Pointz: hee is of too high a R gion, hee knows too
no, hee ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the
of my ſubſtance; if he takes her, let him take her ſimp
wealth I haue waits on my conſent, and my conſen
not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you goe hom
me to dinner; beſides your cheere you ſhall haue ſp
will ſhew you a monſter; Maſter Doctor, you ſhall
ſhall your Maſter *Page* and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We ſhall haue the freer woing at Maſter *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farwell my hearts, I will to my honeſt
Falſtaffe, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I ſhall drinke in Pipe-wine firſt wit
ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to ſee this Monſter.

Scœna Tertia.

*Enter Maſter Ford, Maſter Page, Seruants, Robin, Fal
Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.*

Miſ. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly quickly; Is the Buck-basket—

Miſ. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I ſay.

Miſ. Page. Come, come, come.

Mi. Ford. Heere, ſet it downe.

M. Page. Giue your men the charge, wee muſt be
be ready here hard-by in the Brew houſe, and whe
dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe,
gering) take this basket on your ſhoulders; that
trudge with it in all haſt, and carry it among the